

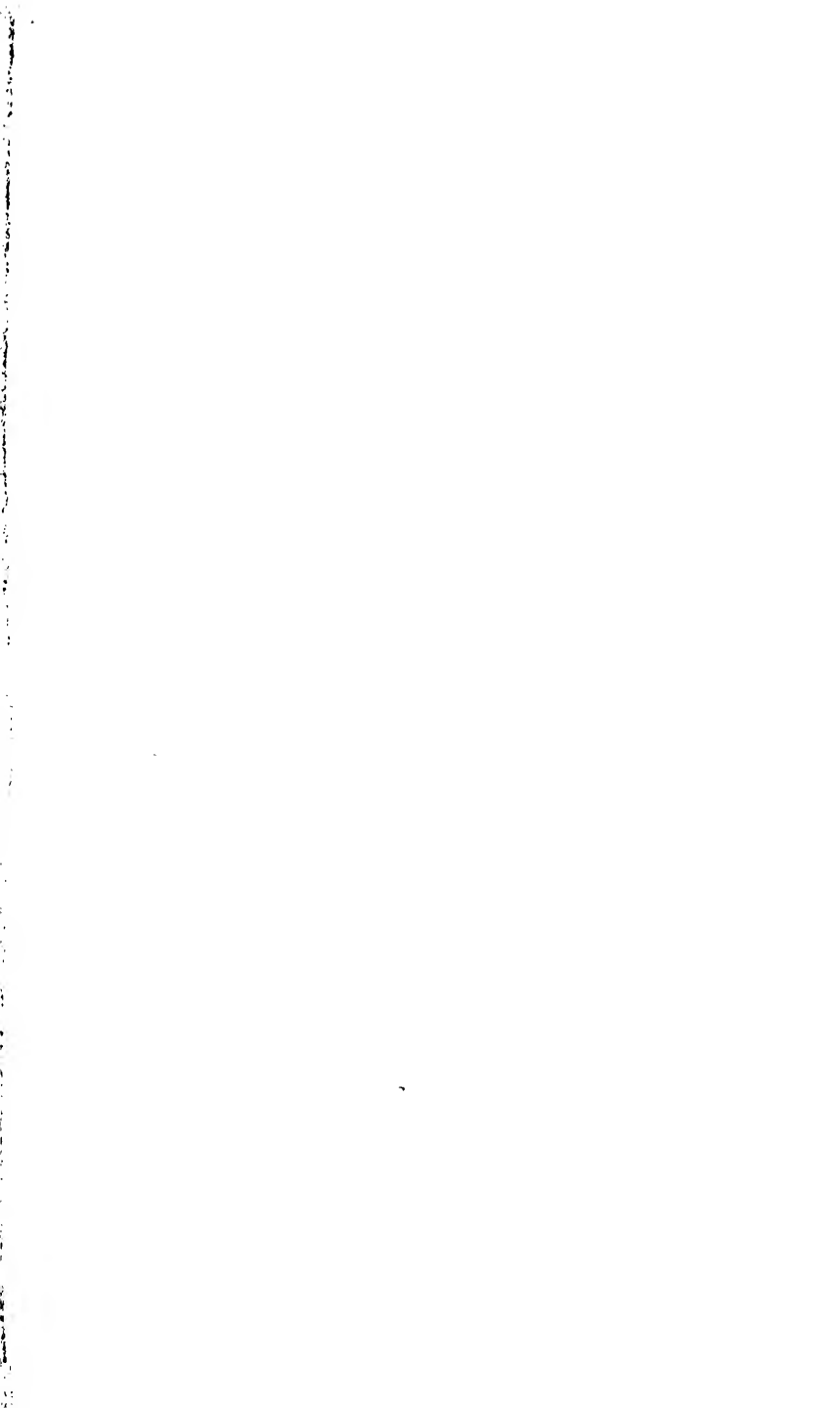
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V I R T U E S

O F

HAZEL;

O R,

BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT.

—VIRGAM CAPIT: HAC ANIMAS ILLE EVOCAT ORCO
PALLENTES, ALIAS SUB TRISTIA TARTARA MITTIT;
DAT SOMNOS ADIMITQUE, ET LUMINA MORTE RESIGNAT.

VIRG.

BY THOMAS THOMAS, A B.

LONDON:

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1794.

1777

TO THE READER.

WHOEVER dares to publish his unbelief of the charity and honesty of the Lords spiritual and temporal (as they say) of this world, is branded the enemy of his God and kind. Now arguments are wanted to satisfy the minds of labouring people about the *divine right* of kings, and the *divine postulates* of priests ; and hence the rod of civil, and the curse of ecclesiastical government are vehemently exerted in proportion to the losses sustained in passive obedience and reverence. But in this way authority only covers the coals of fury to break out to greater fire. The corporal and mental make brave elastic force ; and hence recover all and more than the place they lose by bad repulse. The mind, afraid to think aloud, rushes from the goad of suppression, over the lines of moderation. It is a day of violent persecution, and hence provoked desperation : in such a day honesty were the best policy ; but honesty is no article in the tablets of power : if sometime admitted, it is for uses of ambition. Honesty and policy are as distinct in the state as faith and reason in the church. However, while their mutual commerce holds, kings and

priests may say and do as they please : the doctrines of mystery fix mankind to the purposes of aristocracy ; and hence the aid and the gift of state to the ministry is necessary to the very existence of royalty or nobility. Whence it comes that church and state flourish, and decay, and perish together. The fierce acquisition of some outlandish savage, some russian prince, is preached up by priests as gracious and religious. And from this (a confession) it is that they demonstrate the will of millions, injustice and impiety against bloody laws enforced by an antique robber, or conqueror ; and infidelity against the red exactions of regal caprice and avarice. From this they curse, as atheists, a great people, who (after groaning through ages under the feet of power, hereditary from such inhuman right alone) rose in desperate unanimity, and dragged lofty tyrants, and their ugly minions, in the dust, and held up to the nations the first example of the invincible force of degraded man.

Yet, while the sword of power cuts with vigor, many extol the stroke from fear and venality ; and while people (to save character and life) grant, or profess to believe, the mysteries and cruelties of the hierarchy, priests easily prove something, or even any thing, where all, where every thing is given. This is the cause that they are enemies to rational enquiry into their horrid dogmas ; for they are aware, that reason in thinking of old subverted the labyrinths of philosophers better than themselves.

They

They are well aware that the dome of church and state is held up by credulity and tyranny ; and that while they can secure the former, there is no danger of losing the latter. This is notorious, since, as fast as credulity goes away, the dome shakes, and tyranny totters to the fall.

The present circumstance of Europe shows a general revolution, against such duplicity, highly probable : The inversions of nature, and perversions of reason, have nearly made their rounds in the cycles of time. Whether like hypocrisy and fury will again go the circuits of coming ages is known, I take it, to providence alone ;—to eternal providence that stamps the colors, and shapes the directions of life ; and that suffers, in wisdom suffers, the distractions, and tortures of our kind.

VIRTUES OF HAZEL ;

OR

BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT.

MIRACULOUS are the powers of the Hazel-tree, if Irish legends be true: By it St. Patrick destroyed all the fiends and serpents and noxious animals that once infested Ireland. Now this *wooden virtue* is as religiously believed, and as well authenticated *there* as any *revealed truth*. I have myself heard a learned monk declare it from the pulpit on Patrick's day, when the labors of the tutelar God, and his caduceus, are always the pious subject of national declamation. Wherefore, since the Hibernian Saint was able by it to overcome the hellish legions, that swarmed over the face of Ierne, perhaps the devils and atheists of France might be conquered with Hazel, since they are found proof to all the musquetry and artillery—swords and bayonets of Europe. Our wise ministers, that so well understand the policy of war, will, I have little doubt, spurn this happy hint, and see its sagacity too late.

That government flows from parental authority I am as well assured as that I exist: the first hand of power I felt was my father's; and the first sceptre

tre

tre a hazel rod. I often thought my father a tyrant, and I often wished the rod to the devil: but I humoured my father, for though a child, I was too cunning to brave the arm of despotism:—despotism is then the oldest and the best form, if the governor be equal to the task. You may extol the beauty of a mixed form, but complexity the best (we know it) is still perplexity very bad. Give me a despot brave, good, and skillful, and I will be his humble servant sooner than freeholder to the first limited monarch that ever was, is, or will be. Should I deserve it, this despot will say to the executioner—"away with him."—Thus the life of a fellow-creature is sacrificed in the easiest, and common safety secured in the shortest manner. I do not get slow poison and murder in a bastille, or an iron cage, from inferior tyrants, that, perhaps, kiss the footstool of a fool; and that expect, yes, extort, the same base submission to themselves from the very people that support the fool in place, and pay the jacks in office.

The late King of Prussia was the despot to my mind: he made a little territory the terror of all Europe. Had a ministerial snake insinuated to him that the French are atheists, he had commanded the wily serpent to his voluminous functions, and private devotions: But had the French come against him, he had posted to meet them, without wearing away campaigns, and playing off the boyish honors, and doing the splendid tactics of war before walled places

places and castles: he had never lavished lives and treasures in the glories of fire-works and sky-rockets. An army of atheists, flanked by all the *combined powers*—of hell, and the devil himself at their head, had never taken Silesia from Old Fred.— Frederick, that wielded the sword in one hand, and grasped the helm of state in the other; Frederick, that did not suffer the vessel to reel at the mercy of knaves, that have their own smuggling, and trick and traffick, to the loss and peril of the general crew; Frederick, that examined the ability of the man to his place, and that made him do his duty; Frederick, that did not leave the petitions of his subjects to commissioners, and gaugers;—no, his own eyes and ears were quick to perceive; and his heart was valiant, and prompt to avenge, and kind to redress the wrongs of his people. Our happy connection with his successor ought to make us hide his faults (had he any), and shew his virtues. But though the greatness and loveliness of his character call aloud for our *tribute* of praise, a recent *homage* of the country to such noble qualities (homage that our enemies may call, if they please, the vacant sagacity, and blind prodigality of John Bull) make the least display unnecessary. Suffice it to mention, that only for his fidelity to his amiable sister of Russia, and his great piety to the Polish cause, perhaps, he had furnished the stipulated troops; though not with the faith and truth he gives to the assignation of a mistress; or
his

his generous alacrity to accept our pecuniary testimony to his inimitable *worth*.

This circumstance must continue, as long as royalty, a smiling anecdote of ministerial providence, Prussian *price*, and British independence. By the way I cannot help observing, that from the excellent conduct of the allies, we cannot but see how much we are indebted to them; and how much we ought to be pleased for taking as usual, the burden and expence of continental trouble: so that by our interference we have given Europe the prospect of peace for ages; and fixed the dagons of the earth in adamantine niches for ever; and also secured ourselves from Jacobinism. Whence the blind Sampsons of liberty may grope and tug at the eternal pillars of royalty, to the laugh and the joke of all the noble assembly of Philistines—such is the pleasant face of things. Upon the whole, I take it, experience teaches us that the earth was made for kings; and should the present royal house, by fate or pestilence, be ever defunct, we must surely invite an head from Germany, that happy soil of princes, as Arabia is of horses. The English are strong and tame as elephants; but no more fit for running the races, or winning the prizes of kingdoms, than asses to contend with race-horses. This is the reason and necessity that they are ever the subjects of foreigners, who keep their courts in London; and hereditary thrones on the continent, to exercise our young men in the fields
of

of glory ; and our old ones in the cabinets of policy.

There is always a rod in the hands of rulers ; and in mixed governments you must take care : in any of the simple forms there is a beaten path ; and hence you know your way : but in England, hang me, if you can ascertain any determinate road, or know when you are safe. In the fortune of the Romans, the way of the nobles and patricians against the tribunes and plebeians was to cry out — ‘ The state is in danger ! ’ And thus (as their phrase runs) *that the republic take no detriment*, they elected a dictator : whence the democracy, all at once, became a government of the greatest tyranny. . Now this, I do think, is very like the suspension of our constitution far above the reach of the people : but it must be granted, that so, it rises nearer to the sublime speculation of De Lolme*, who balanced it upon nothing, the way God poized the planets in the air. Thus the laws of England are ever and anon suspended, lest the magistrates be changed ; and then the charters and rights are returned, when governors do not want the lives and properties of the people ; and when they find it expedient, in their tender mercy, to let them out to graze, and husks, to fatten up a swinish brood, and hoard up treasures for their own pious uses. In this way De Lolme’s constitution exists in the clouds, or in empty space, like the republic of

* Vide his Title Page, — *ponderibus librata suis*.

Plato : the Academic was rather unhappy in his time, for had England flourished in his day, he need but alter his title-page, and apply it as truly and aptly as the German statesman did his book to our monarchy ; which, though he was good enough to limit in theory, we find nothing the less for that absolute in practice. But surely, if the great man had attended only a little to British usage, he had never failed his balloon by the planetary laws of Kepler. I am no sceptic to astronomy : Newton touched the springs of divine regulation ; and the circling planets moved in glorious equability : but De Lolme falsely applied the harmony of the system of nature to the English government, where attraction and repulsion (we know it) are never equivalent to rest ; where there has been, and there will be, revolution—not the natural turning of the earth, shedding the blessings of the year ; but the unnatural proceedings of men, spreading the curses of mortality. However his libration, the effect of fighting and dividing, if it be a necessary principle of government, proves the position of Mr. Hobbs, viz. that *the human condition is a state of war* ; and thus establishes directly (or at least indirectly) all the perfidy and cruelty of civilized and uncultivated man. Thus, this bringing some good out of all the evil in life, puts plainly all the sedition of civility, and fierceness of barbarity : Governors destroy millions secretly and openly to maintain their places, and humour their caprices ; and

and the people brood mischief, and sometimes rise in desperation against inhuman rule : Whence, after a series of years, the lurking and the gathering flame bursts out like hidden fire in the belly of a volcano to utter demolition.

Now, that I may put a case, I will say, that there never was, nor never will be, any convulsion in England. In all the struggles of contending parties, there is (we know it) uncertainty ; and if victory follow to one or the other side (as it must) the balance is lost. (Here I am not fool enough to confine my argument to a senate, which in the present day is a sort of sham battle to amuse the people ; for the swinish multitude are sure to suffer by the *nominal* wars, as they are to die in the *real* wars.) But in such contentions we see one and the same side always victorious ; if they be not generous, like the satiated lion, that gives what he cannot eat to the little jackall, that hunts the game for his prowling majesty. And now, if *that* side has, or plays the ball at pleasure, I may well ask, — *Where is your constitution ?*

Now this constitution, in the boasted sense, is a compound, *monarchic, baronic, and civic* ; and these estates appear to me too contending for happiness and longevity ; and too opposite to constitute a reasonable whole. From the first comes (if there be such) the tyranny of England ; from the second flows (understand the word) the villanage of England ; and from the third and last pro-

ceeds (I am not ashamed to say it) the property of England. Now this tripple mixture is like the trinity in unity, if you divide the substance you will discover the parts very unequal: but the better way is to lump, and swallow, as *arch* bishops do by the trinity: it is said the pill makes the flesh of some to creep; but on most stomachs it do not operate.

————— *O te, Bollane, cerebri
Felicem ! **

O John Bull! what a *constitution* you have!

Now, neighbours! if you doing the bloody sacrifices of your religious and gracious high priest, be at the same time promoting your own interests, 'tis strange indeed. 'Tis true, you may, if you please, argue as follows:—"If I fall in the faithful cause of my king, the death is honourable; and then I lay snug enough: I feel none of the wants, and long for none of the comforts of life. And if my wife and children be hungry and cold, and trembling at the frowns of true Britons, why the best to me is, that I am careless about it. If I lose a leg or two, I have a chance, with some difficulty, to be an out-pensioner of Chelsea." Again, in paying great sums and pensions to your lords to keep it up in spending with the frugal and moral princes of the blood, you hardly better your condition—to lords, that many of them buy nobility with your own money—to lords, whose province

* Vide Hor. L. i. Sat. 10.

it is to make a majority of yourselves against yourselves—to lords, that thus render your constitution nominal; and defence of real and personal property from power ineffectual; and so make (what you call) English liberty curious as the moon, and various as the weather—to lords, that force you to pour your golden oblations, in profusion, to your excellent king and priest, and *press* you to go his righteous errands to the continent, and elsewhere. 'Tis true, you are handsomely dressed *en militaire* in these pleasant trips, that you may return nobly to your (long) home. Lastly, at your own trade or occupation, perhaps, you act for yourself and your family; if they gave you peace at your business, and made you cherish the prolific tree of monarchy in plenty, or even luxury, you need not, and you would not, repine: you might then, without any other army than a navy, laugh at the threats of invasion, chink the cash, eat beef and pudding, and drink porter. Your case is different: Master George! (says Sangrado the state doctor) John Bull is too hot, and too fat; he wants bleeding and scalding, please you! This is the phlebotomy of refined policy; domestic associations are broken by copious taxation, and foreign expeditions. Yet Billy Sangrado should mind his *head*, for the human body fainting contains a soul more alive in abused dignity. A last effort, an expiring struggle may be enough to turn out a bad ministry, if not to ruin a rotten senate. And
though

though government be secure, that British violence cannot rush forth, headed by a Wat Tyler, yet popular reason can be provoked to sudden desperation.

If the constitution can hold in this way, it must be like the real constitutions of the schools, which (philosophers tell us) support all the objects in life; and which, though intirely insensible, they assert to be the cause of all that we perceive—the whole sensible world: But, perhaps, as it requires little sagacity to prove that schoolmen make existence an enchanted castle, by their position of imperceptible, unknown somethings, that so are equivalent to nothings, except the floating visions of a dream; in like manner our politicians making all the gifts of nature to flow from what they call our happy constitution, only amuse the public with a notion, an ideal something. A farther likeness between the hypothesis of schools and states is, that as the former have their constitutions eternal and unalterable, however organized matter or body changes; so the civil constitution of our statesmen (we know it) lives after all the abuses of policy, and losses of the country; after the virtues of our patriots, and lives and properties of our people are, in a great degree, gone away for ever. But yet they tell us, the constitution can stand, for it has three feet; and thus they brought it to the argument of a Manks halfpenny (*quocunque jeceris stabit*) and thus it stands on—loose-toe! Whence it is that

our

our harlequin ever and anon tumbles: but does such somerset acting promise the blessing of the fifth commandment? I ask farther, Is it not possible for harlequin to fall, and to break his bones? 'Tis true, he balanced himself some time in this rope-dancing way; and poized, at the same time, the glass of liberty on his nose. But consider, the understanding of harlequin is still a rope pulled tight between opposite parties; and if tension happen to break it, mind him! down, down, he goes! Beside, the glass of liberty is brittle, and full of inflammable air, that, indeed, may cause it to burst. However, the glories of harlequin, and the charms of his glass, ought to be left alone, and believed like the doctrine of the trinity; for they are all very subtle and evanescent.

I have reason to think that few, except deep divines, can comprehend this same truth of the trinity; but whoso can may, well enough after that, believe the mysteries of government, or any thing else the most perplexed. I flatter me, that I can illustrate it myself; and, hang me! if ever I knew an *arch* bishop do ought but shadow it. Now Athanasius (if he be the author of the chapter called his creed) is a ghostly tory, all the same as certain champions on the highway in Ierne are bodily ones: by the former and the latter you are pressed with the strongest argument in the world: you are commanded to give away your money to save your body; and your belief to save your soul. There
is

is (we know it) no reasonable right in either case, but the strongest claim that can be, *viz.* that of *power*: Then you had better to cry up *Credo*, else you are in a *damn'd* bad way. Afterward, to hinder you to murmur (we may now leave the bodily tory, who don't care what we think) at such hard treatment, you are warned at your peril neither to divide the substance, nor confound the persons. But behold you! whether you try to demonstrate sympathetically or analytically, you of necessity divide the whole, or confound the parts; you therefore transgress, and labour in vain; therefore then turn away before your head reels in making the same circle ever and anon; and the very logic of the chapter insinuates this idea, in the astonishing way of the schools—profound circumlocution!

When I was a little one, and used to spell to my mother out of an English grammar, entitled 'Reading made Easy,' (in word and deed it was the easiest sort of *government* I ever did or will experience; and had been, *vivere ut velis*, liberty only for my father and his Hazel-rod) I say in that my golden age, I once upon a time tied a dying mouse to the tail of a young cat, and the playful little cat frisked round and round to seize it, and the tail and it followed of course. In this vertiginous way the kitten got so giddy that she fell, and rose, and fell again; and a little recovered, she purred angrily, and ran away; in going, she whisked her tail against a chair, and the mouse
dropped

dropped off. Toby, an old one, lounging by the fire, tempted me to repeat my trick with him; and I was happy in the idea that he would argue in a circle, like the *innocent* divines and the kitten. But behold you! Toby, making his tail and whiskers meet, gave a good idea of the Egyptian symbol of the year, viz. a serpent with his tail in his mouth; or of a planet in the ecliptic, in that his eccentric figure departed from a circle to an ellipse: and now with as demure a face as a priest at the sacrament, he swallows the *body and blood* of—a mouse! Then letting his tail gradually down, and his head gracefully inclined, he minded one of a smooth communicant resuming his seat. Indeed, people are much diverted and puzzled by circling and controversy: but if mankind would, as Toby did by the mouse, swallow without wheeling about to catch, they might, like that wise cat, save them abundance of trouble, else they only exhaust them, and get angry, as the young one, and leave the cause of vexation.

I fancy that it will be granted, by all honest people, that I know a good deal of the civil and religious blessings of our government; and still, I do declare, that though I have heard and read much about the palladium (what they call) of the constitution, I am entirely astray whether or not it be a piece of metal or paper, the Magna Charta, or the Bill of Rights, or so forth: but if so (I take it) an heap of stones, the patriarchal pledge of

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covenant

covenant in golden days of yore (which the first wantonneſs rolled in the duſt) had been a depoſit as good: and it is notorious, that thoſe eaſy bonds of primitive ſimplicity were more revered—more piously kept than the royal treaties and ſureties of this religious and enlightened age. We are told that the French, for diſturbſing father Scheld in his bed, and the like profanations, roused the divine powers of Europe to puniſh ſuch horrid impieties. I cannot ſee why Dutch pedlars and *double dealers* ſhould monopolize the convenience of that river; and ſo run their goods and ſmuggle, as to injure and exclude the reſt of the world: but perhaps God deſtined it before the foundation of the world, (whatever time that was) for thoſe rich *veſſels of election and reprobation*, as he did the Indians and Africans—the brown ſons of Aurora, and the black boys of Guinea, to our noble ſelves; for his mercy (as the ſong runs) endureth for ever! I am not ſo impious as to hint that the Almighty was bribed over by fat merchants; but if himſelf (or his earthly agents, that pretend excluſive patents of his ſovereign knowledge, and arbitrary commiſſions of riſing his omnipotence) be too fond of Mynheer the banker, or any other rich ones in the world; if ſo, I ſay ſuch commerce proves him a reſpecter of perſons; and if he be ſuch a God, more ſhame for him, ſay I! 'Tis true, the French atheiſts (as our divines and miniſters call them) fight well; and there is a falling off on the part of com-

combined religion: whence I take the liberty of pronouncing the pious powers of *backsliding* armies.

The palladium of Troy was to the Trojans what theirs is to the English, only that it was a good deal more substantial and material. Somebody stole it out of the tower of Troy, and then the Trojans lay at the mercy of the Greeks; for after losing this divine pledge, that was just tantamount to British liberty; it was vain to fight. Now, I suppose, if any one (instance Mr. P—) ran away with the palladium of England, out of the tower of London, or wherever it be, I suppose that John Bull would begin a-crying, and sit down, and contend no longer for his property. Our palladium (if I take it right) is a mixture of spiritual and temporal, and so makes up two thirds of trinity; whence we may call it duplicity. Henry the Eighth snatched the glorious head of it from the Roman pontiff: but if the hot amours of Harry had not stimulated him against his Holiness of Rome, that assumes the right of meddling with other states, the English had long ago spurned such a strange spirituality *in name*, but *temporality in deed*. However, their rejecting, in complaisance to Harry, the usurped infallibility of a regular priest, was no good ground of giving the reversion to himself, a furious lay divine before; but by this acquisition, a devouring, unconsecrated, unholy Pope: and yet this is he of still blessed memory, who afforded the happy occasion then, and

righteous boasts of our priests ever since, viz. *the cementing the Church of England with the blood of our fathers!*

For my own part, I cannot think that any monarch in Europe follows the order of Melchisedeck, king of Salem; for any old clothes-man in London will tell you, Salem means *peace*: but (I take it) European kings are of the order of *Sabaoth*. Nor can I discover how any of them rightly pretends the agency of Christ, who was noted for humility and poverty; who never plotted against the life of any body; and who, so far from having armies and castles to defend himself and his doctrines, had not a place to hide his head from the severity of the seasons; or a friend in the evil day, but inconstant Peter, to save him from a murdering race, a persecuting priesthood!

The statue of our religious and gracious king, in the Leverian Museum, by the nice chissel of Mrs. Damer, is nobly executed indeed; for that handy lady hit off all the sagacity in his face: and this same statue has, perhaps, better claim to the order and kingdom of Salem, than any king of them all. If it be objected, that a *great* and *glorious* and *victorious* king be in nature mild and pacific, I will answer that one Master Billy P—tt marks him out *cross* and *bloody* lessons, which he gets by heart, like a good boy at school, and says to himself again, all the same as Jacky Bull renders the (*Quodvis verbum!*) prelection of Doctor Syntax, word for word. But

Mrs.

Mrs. Damer's *handicraft* has this advantage over the Almighty's work, viz. that it would never mind the *bad* lectures of such a *fellow*, and never speak or mean harm, though he kicked in fits for it.

If any man be a king, he is (I contend) the tender or cruel master of servants or slaves; for if he cannot do as he lists, the people rule him: and thus he ceases to be a king *in deed*, and is only one *in name*. I will put familiar cases: when King Charles the martyr could not raise ship-money, and so forth, he *really* ceased to be a king in the loss of his power, as much as he afterwards did to be a man in the want of his head: but when his present majesty (God save the king!) raised such great sums to conduct the present crusade, and such vast spills of gold to subsidize other princes, he shewed him a real king: and 'tis true, he behaved politely the other day, in thanking them for what they could not keep from him. Upon the whole, if it shall ever happen that he cannot take all he may want, he then ceases to be—a king.

Now I will leave kings, and go to their faithful and humble partners, the priests, without whom they had never established or maintained the *divine right* of doing as they please: for since thousands of his subjects are stronger (I will not say wiser) than some king, they had never fought for, and served him as freely as his coach-horses, if they
were

were not broken from their *first* nature, and tamed by priests to go the way the rider drives.

The priests of all religions are governors of children, that they argue and startle out of their minds, and even their senses: they admonish their trembling disciples:—‘ If you behave obedient to our commands, you shall go to heaven, a place so infinitely glorious and happy, that you cannot have the most distant conception of it: but if you prove rebellious to us, you shall go to hell, to lakes of liquid fire and brimstone, *where there is weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.* Mahomed told his Mussulmen, that if they continue the passive servants and soldiers of his religion, they must be translated to a paradise of eastern enchantments; to islands of delicious products; to groves of singing birds; to meadows sprinkled with flowers, and washed with sweet rivers, hard by whose falls, and murmurs, and greener banks, they shall embrace choirs of blooming and willing nymphs; where rapture sings the live long day, and steals away the night, to charm the dancing and the circling hours, in diviner gardens and seraglios, where, secure of satiety and pain, blisses swim for ever and for ever! Thus the human passions are caught, and hence people fall the voluntary victims of governors. Religious persons, however weak, are the proudest and most intemperate in the world: they give up their lives and

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properties here for the glories and crowns of an ideal world; they look at mankind in the aggregate with pity or malignity, as their natures are good or bad, going (as they are persuaded) to eternal perdition. The zealot that despises this world and its blessings (with more than the avaricious pride of a conqueror trampling the nations) grasps at heavenly honours, that his burning fancy eyes with persuasion stronger than certainty. The Brachman that is his own executioner, that mortifies every sense, that invites the ugliest death, and rejoices in his own inhuman groans, does all through the greatest selfishness, viz. that he may wheel about to life a Rajah or a Sultan. Thus we behold the cork ambition whirled about on the gulph that swallows down existence to the shades of an hereafter: thus we perceive the discontent of man at equal participation; the same ideas of outstripping and over-reaching that agitates his life, irritates his dying pulse: the last throb of his heart is dishonest; for the extraordinary riches and dignities that mocked his vital pursuits, are embraced, with panting avarice, in the visionary dreams of immortal hope. Yet even the gospel is against all this selfishness and avariciousness: the gospel inculcates the charity, and the duty, of dividing and partaking the goods of time in charming communion; and the Apostles devoted their lives and fortunes, in the burnings and freezings of the zones, to bring men to vital, to social duties. Is
it

it not abominable piety to mortify our bodies, and to render us useless to all the purposes of life, in order (as they have it) to gratify the good God that made us? Is it not horrid to think that the Creator formed us to be tortured and persecuted here, in order to be fit for happiness in eternity? It is the creed of dishonesty, and the business of tyranny: Priests cry up, how few shall be saved! The direct consequence must be, that God is an eternal tyrant, since he made us (the great majority of us) to be damned. What a foolish quibble of making it eternal justice (because Adam and Eve, as it is related, eat an apple) that the human race should be the slaves and victims of inhuman, vengeful tyrants here; and the everlasting sacrifices of torturing omnipotence. Men surely are to take the imperfect blessings of this life in a moral and social manner; and that is the voice and spirit of the gospel. But our modern Apostles are mercenary to the last degree of unmercifulness, and so intirely opposite to the old ones: the old ones gave their own goods to feed, and their own lives to emancipate men from inhuman religions: the modern ones beat down the multitude to the husks of swine, and the brick and straw of bondage, and seize their bread, the fruits of their industry, in order to elevate themselves to dignity, and to cherish vicious luxury!

The waters of time that sap the stony pyramid, and lofty palace that scatter grossness, and weeds,
and

and horror, in the halls where neatness, and life, and pleasure, charmed and deceived the wasting years, wash away the stated marks and laws of opinion, and sweep the current systems of religion along with their artificial channels. The wrecks of vicissitude, and billows of change, (though execrated by their covetous promoters, and rapacious authors, the sons of fortune and managers of power) have been, and will be, the very means of saving the rising generations from the poisons of treachery, and the engines of cruelty. The retailers of enthusiasm are in raptures at the eve of their millenium, or (as they have it) a thousand years promised to the saints: I am not superstitious enough to imagine that imperfect beings can ever be satisfied, or perfectly happy, at least, in our present state; though I am certain that we might be so in a superlative degree to what we are. From comparing the world with itself, I find that, however circumstances and times change their faces, man is in general the same; for the imagination of his heart, at least when he travels in the walks of ambition, is evil and inimical, and nothing else. This evil imagination at last destroys all moral communication; and hence, though we have no floods of water to drown the world, we have revolutions of thinking against established wickedness, and so deluges of blood to alter the face of nature. The great and the learned ones of the earth (because tempted away from reason by

their passions, and blinded out of their senses by their interests) cannot anticipate, or rather will not prevent this red fluctuation; for, to them, it were not life out of their Elysian haunts, the seats of their joys, and the castles of their treasures. And therefore to secure themselves, they are fain to hold fast the old and rotten modes of living; and to force mankind (a thing impossible) to think as they, their lords and masters, please. Thus, high and lettered man, before now, subsided to the common level; and the low and ignoble multitude rose to rank and distinction as a part of the species, and shewed their kindred to the sun of reason—the Parent of light and truth—the living God—the Father of all! If the abuse of the children of pedigree and nobility has before, and will again stimulate them to take the guidance of the dazzling car; and if even the world be scorched by unnatural flames, yet half the crime is not theirs, while all the praise of humanity attends the daring and the loving attempt. This erst has been, and must be still the emancipation of the species. This, in my mind, is the only millenium, or rather the age of reason, that returns to the reviled and persecuted, to the swinish herd (as they are badly called) a share of the common things of life; and their place as creatures, and children of a bountiful and a merciful Creator.

A N N O T A T I O N S.

Page 5.—Wherefore since the Hibernian saint, &c.] 'Tis true, the historiographers of Ireland are at present as fond of fiction as their champions and fathers were of chivalry in times past away. O Paddy B——e! what a pious rhapsody your chaste Erato-made on the late spotless Queen of F——! But I request of my readers to consult the great Anglo-Gælic critic, Colonel Vallancey, about the virtues of Hazel and miracles of Patrick; since this gentleman made out an accident for himself to study the lovely tones of the brogue; and obtained from the R. I. A. a medal of gold, to hang from his neck, for disproving the bad slander of Doctor Campbell, viz. *that the antient bards of Ireland used bagpipes and not harps*: Or, Vide Ogygeia Domini Milefii O Flaherty fut finam.

“——Si talias, propter obscura Bardorum tempora, fabulis proxima videantur; vel si bene, de falsis Britannix et Gallix bardis, Lucano credatur:

(Vos quoque qui fortes animas, belloque peremptos
Laudibus, in longum, Vates, dimittitis ævum,
Plurima securi fuditis carmina Bardi.)

Tamen, quin de nostris, procertis habeantur, verissimis Bardis, nihil obstat: Et quo magis credas, genium hujusce beatæ telluris in animum in ducas. O Deus loci! nomine Patricio insignite! quena, nec frustra, terrenæ copiam frugis, vimve corporis, Solistam ortu quam occasu, indies precamur. O sancte Pater! Insulæ nostræ Tutela! ora pro nobis; nam tu, baculo sælicis, coryli manum regente, Harpias, furias infernas, Animalia et mala et rabida omnia verberasti, turbasti, et trans mare, regionem istam barbaram et impiam Britanniam Hiberniâ tuâ expulisti.”

Page 15.—Now Athanasius is a ghostly Tory, &c.] The word *Tory* is the *imperative* (not *precativè*) *môde* of taking contributions on the king's roads in Ireland. There were Senators of this order (called of the halter) some time in England; but now they are all, it is said, embracing this glorious Knight errantry by the instruction of Mr. B——e, our famous reviver and hunter of old honours and tenures.

Page 18.—Rich *vessels* of *election* and *reprobation* &c.] 'Tis true the Calvinists have scripture for their faith, viz. *that God made vessels, some to honour, and others to dishonour*: and the Deists that rise so many in the present day, have all the reason in the world, and Puffendorf to boot, to support their argument, viz. that so God is a despot or tyrant in the *direct reason* or proportion of power; for they, perhaps well, deny the will of a nature perfect to do injustice, though they grant his omnipotence. Now the dispute turns on a simple pivot, viz. follow, as you please, Calvin and the bible, or reason and Puffendorf. The testimonies of the former, and the evidences of the latter clashing, shew to my mind the Deists and Calvinists fighting in the unequal and ethereal way of the Pigmies and Cranes:—the Pigmies, with their short and sensible weapons, wanting to wound the Cranes, rustling and screaming, and biting from the clouds and skies.

Page 18.—For his mercy endureth for ever, &c.] The 135th Psalm, our Allelujah, or loud thanksgiving, to the God of armies for his mercies, is after all a ghostly song. You are to take note, that father Abraham was met, in gratulation, after a bloody battle, by Melchisedeck, that (*nullis majoribus orto*) strange fish, without father or mother, beginning of days or end of life, and so on. By the way I cannot help observing, that he was
neither

neither Irishman or Welshman, or he had traced his lineage beyond the creation, or even the Julian period, into the old houses of China, that flourished (if you believe an honest philosopher Confucius) long, long before either. But perhaps he was a grunter of the swinish multitude, since they grumble (*Quid opus stemmate longo?*) and spurn pedigree. However, this pacific hog, or prince, or what you will, was terrified (one is tempted to think) at the grim whiskers of the Patriarch, when he said, *In thy seed shall all the kingdoms of the earth be blessed.* But, on second thinking, there is as good cause to accuse him of avarice as cowardice; in that, like all his order since, he was interested in militant plunder; for the father of the faithful gave him a tenth of his spoils: thus his holiness, the king of Salem, encouraged the glories and mercies of fighting; and established *the church militant here on earth.* Now it is worthy of noting how the sons of Abraham, the chosen of God, blessed the nations: they plundered and murdered Sehon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Basan, and many more, whose heritage God gave to Jacob his servant, *for his mercy endureth for ever!* In like way we kill the French, I mean we kill the French in idea; and the gospel, we know it, makes the will criminal as the deed;—we kill the French to save their souls, and use their spoils; because, as the True Briton has it, and our holy religion inculcates, we are the chosen people, and militant priesthood, in favour after the Jews;—because Mother Britannia wants to sport her the fierce mistress, and red Bel-lona of the earth.

Page 18.—'Tis true, French atheists, &c.] Atheism, if I understand the orthodoxy, signifies scepticism or doubting about the theory and practice of priests. The French are sceptics to the piety and infallibility of all
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the principalities and hierarchies on earth; and in such sense alone are atheists. Kings and priests are long the gods and divines of this world; and hence to deny them passive obedience and faith, is always atheism and infidelity. Instance the *divine right* of kings against the *consent* of the people, which if any one deny he is a Jacobin; and, by consequence, an atheist, and so only-fit to die, or at best to salute the kangaroo in a colony of thieves and robbers. Instance, on the part of priests, the doctrine of trinity in unity: here divines composed a logical chapter that they have to be the creed of all men; and if any body don't take it so he is an infidel, and hence they sentence him to eternal damnation. Now about kings the French have satisfied millions, and they have staggered catholic faith to madness; for at this day, priests and bishops are teaching christianity by the sharpest arguments in the world, viz. the points of sword and bayonet; by weapons and engines of death. But about this hard chapter (made by a group of furious monks, who minced their own logic to nothing to suit it to their purposes of fighting) I take liberty to think that they only used words without ideas; and that if they substituted any notions to names, whose proper senses they took away, they are notions uncharitable and terrible in the extreme: whence this jumble of blind quibble, I contend, could neither be a creed to others, or even to themselves. To believe that one is three, and *vice versa*, at one and the same time, is impossible; and the French, being thus incredulous, are odious infidels to human, or rather inhuman divines. While it is plain that this doctrine, if a truth, destroys the progress and difference of number, in giving different quantities exact equation, and, in short, leads to prove any thing, viz. that a man is a horse and *vice versa*, at one and the same time. 'Tis true, priests may shew them
unbe-

unbelievers of their traditional miracles and mysteries ; but cannot prove them infidels to truth, for only using and abiding by reason, the glorious candle which God himself gave to light our darksome road from the *beast joint-tenant of the shade*—the brutes that perish.

Page 24.—What a foolish quibble, &c.] That Adam is accountable *directly* for all the accumulating wickedness of life, and that his posterity are punishable *inversely* back in his transgression, is at least contrary to reason. But (to wave this severe tenet of our faith, that stamps on the face of divine perfection the horrid character of eternal injustice) I would ask divines, who live, many of them in luxury, by the old Adam, or the Devil, if Christ died for all men, why do they deny him to the people of Aurora and Afric ! Is it because Ham laughed at the solemn intemperance of his father Noah, that those called his race are given, by their christian charity, to temporal and eternal perdition ? Or is it because such neither know nor believe their art of logic, or school-divinity, that they pronounce them slaves and infidels ? Or rather, is it because the sun his pencil marked their skins with a browner shade, that they make over their bodies to earthly princes, and their souls to the prince of darkness ? Why do they deny the act of redeeming grace to the great bulk of themselves ? Do they not thus shew mankind to be created for damnation, and Jesus to die in vain, in their paucity of the elect ? Do they not thus give up all majesty and power to the prince (as they call him) of this world ? But all their powers are lavished to demonstrate the kingdom of this Pluto, or black prince ; for without him their honours and profits had not flourished so long.

Some religious doctors have it, that infants dying before the spots of original guilt be washed with holy wa-

ter, are damned or not saved ; though they must confess that neither the sin of Adam, or the want of baptism, or premature death, ought to bring a curse on helpless innocence. Mr. Winchester, the preacher of universal restoration, or rather rotation, says, that all the nations and people of the earth will come in for the act of grace in their regular turns ; and thus they are heirs and children of the redemption, all the same as the royal family are heirs to the crown, though only one at a time can have it. Thus, I take it, he leaves the great majority in a damned way. Richard Brothers, the prince and prophet of Paddington-street, teaches better doctrine than any of them all ; for he promises to stop deluges of blood, and to give the fighting world a millenium of peace and rest.

However, the damnable longing (as we call it) of our great grandmother Eve for apples, is to one in a social temper, an humorous affair. The apples, we are told by the Roman poet, was the prelude or signal to the amorous sports of the nymphs and swains, in the pastoral or golden days :

Me malo Galatea petit lasciva puella.

Now loving Eve the apple threw,

And Adam charm'd to blisses flew.

But, to be more serious, the simple figures of the bible (allegory is the earliest, and so the simplest stile) taken in the colder and literal way of reading, without regard to mythology, have made absurdity and perplexity in the comments of christians. The case of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil, is plainly an eastern figure, touching the effect of experience and science on individuals and nations. The acquisition of knowledge enlarges ever and anon the cup of care. This co-existence
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of good and evil in our system has ever mixed opposites, and cheated and disturbed private and public life: this subtle connection of pleasure and pain baffled always the sagacity of the wise to separate; and made bitterness and thorns to the sons of mortality that pant for honey and happiness along the deceitful ridge of time. Now, even according to Moses, Adam and his rib were far from living happily in the garden: agreeably to the Mosaic story they were tempted and deceived by forbidden fruit, in some sort, in the shades of Eden, as Tantalus in the shades below: whence we gather that, 'bating the natural carelessness of the savage state (as poets and navigators describe oriental manners, before their corruption by European policy and villainy), man was always subject to good and evil—the fruits of knowledge. All countries hold traditions of a golden time, when early bards celebrate, and transmit their worthies as gods; when man is given in a diviner and greater dress to posterity, that take themselves to be degenerate, merely from fiction and story. Enterprizers and masters have often caught this human weakness to their own advancement. Thus the case before us was haply invented by the cunning legislator of the Jews, who had his education in the school and court of Egypt, to silence their murmurs at wanderings in the wilderness: or may be, by some earlier sage, wanting the cause of pleasure and pain in the puzzling maze of human condition. However, after superstition draws in her darkening wings, and the beams of science scatter the horrors and monsters of her shade, the illumined vision spurns the deceptions of mystery, and takes down the mortal divinity from the old nich of devotion, to try him by the criterion of truth—the light of reason.

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